



WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a conjunction from station and leave to pain acutely. Answer, standing, sting.

1. Take a little demon from artlessly, and leave cunning. 2. Take conflict from to recompense, and leave a color. 3. Take to instigate from to impoverish, and leave to fasten. 4. Take an insect from sloped, and leave something used in winter. 5. Take a club from argued, and leave an act. 6. Take to perform from a salt, and leave tardy. 7. Take a pronoun from whipped, and leave a small boy. 8. Take a sailor from gazing intently, and leave to carol. 9. Take a sphere from an alms-basket, and leave a metal cup. 10. Take consumed from revolves, and leave decays. 11. Take a masculine nickname from sarcastic, and leave a salmon in his third year.

All of the removed words contain three letters. When these are placed one below another, the central letters, reading downwards, will spell the name of an important document, signed on June 15, 1215.

F. S. F.

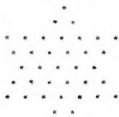
PL

ROMF eht sadint cropit drants,
Hewer eth wilbols, thrigb dan bandl,
Og pegerine, licrung droun het psalm hwit tweste tinaf
tenurudne,
Morf sit sidlef to plugprin slower
Slit tew whil frangant sweshor,
Het phayp hutsio dwim, nilginger, wpses het loray bolsom
fo nuje.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the north. 2. A mountain nymph.
3. To lease. 4. To consume gradually. 5. A Latin preposition. 6. In riddles.

A STAR.

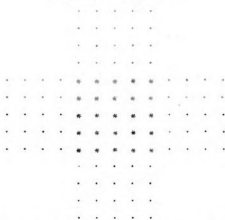


ACROSS: 1. In midsummer. 2. A preposition. 3. The surname of a president who died on June 28. 4. A

small particle. 5. A step. 6. The fruit of certain trees which grow in warm climates. 7. Sea-nymphs. 8. Two-thirds of gloom. 9. In midsummer.

FRANK SNELLING.

A GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A small drum. 2. To worship. 3. A kind of knife. 4. A large bay window. 5. Vacillates.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The point opposite the zenith. 2. An animal that has no feet. 3. A fish. 4. Fanciful. 5. Stagers.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Dances. 2. Applause. 3. To run away. 4. An error. 5. Precipitous.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To soak in a liquid. 2. An ornament for the head. 3. Desirous. 4. Upright. 5. Participator.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To imbue. 2. The earth. 3. A parasitic fungus found on rye. 4. To eat into. 5. A plate on which consecrated bread is placed.

ELDRID JUNGERICH.

A ST. NICHOLAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 2-5-7 is on the cover of ST. NICHOLAS. My 7-8-9-2-3-12 are worn by all readers of ST. NICHOLAS. My 11-2-7 is a name by which several readers of ST. NICHOLAS are called. My 11-6-10-4-2-8-12 is what we hope the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are not. My 1-11-6-7 is in the nursery of some of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS. My 7-10-12-9-10-3 is a city where many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS live. My 1-6-9-5-2-3 is what the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to find in cake. My 4-8-11-3-12 is what boys and girls take in reading ST. NICHOLAS. My 1-10-4-9-10-3 furnishes material for the pages of ST. NICHOLAS. My 1-11-6-4-6-1-12 have praised ST. NICHOLAS.

My whole are so important that ST. NICHOLAS could not get along without them. FRANK AND HERMANN K.



DEAR me! This is a busy month, my hearers — not quite as ornamental or decorative, so to speak, as May, with her Japanese effects of bare branches and many blossoms, but more practical and, to my mind, more beautiful. For the blossoms have begun the work of fruit-making, the gardens are full of roses, and the fields are fairly nodding with loveliness.

And the letters! why, they are fairly raining upon this pulpit. I cannot show them to you to-day; but at our next meeting, the July meeting, you know, I think we shall have nothing but letters — good, true letters from boys and girls, all answering the questions put to you from this pulpit last month, namely, "What is this?" and "Do Animals Think?" — and let me remark right here that I am heartily proud of this congregation.

And now to present business. What have we here? Ah, I see! — something kindly sent for the poor protester by one of your favorite story-tellers, Miss Alice Maude Ewell:

A PROTEST.

DEAR PUBLIC: Allow me my wrongs to unfold.
Of me every day such queer stories are told,
Past keeping it in, I must really speak out,
And settle this matter beyond further doubt.

As steady a fellow as ever you saw,
The sturdiest stickler for order and law,
Unresting, unswerving, I hold to my way,
From life's morning dawn to the end of its day.

If faster or slower my work-hammer's beat,
If sadly a-weary or joyously fleet —
Still, still it keeps going; night, morning, and noon,
Whenever you listen you 'll hear my brave tune.

I 'm always at work, and I 'm always at home,
Nor high-days nor holidays tempt me to roam.

When all are fast sleeping at midnight, I keep
My watch to make sure they 'll wake safely from sleep.

Yet what are folks constantly saying of me?
(I 'm sure when I tell you how falsely you 'll see,) They say I stand still when they 're shocked or amazed —
The silliest rumor e'er vanity raised!

They 'll vow that I leap to one's mouth or one's eyes.
(Now, prithee, good Public, consider my *size*!)
They 'll talk of my sinking most frightfully low,
Into somebody's boots! — monstrous fib, as you know.

They 'll say I 've been lost, or been left here or there.
(Why, I never was lost in my life, I declare!)
They 'll say I 've been stolen or traded away,
Or shot by that chit of a Cupid so gay.

They 'll even make pictures of me skewered through
With most absurd arrows, (just think of it, do!)
On pink clouds a-floating where rose garlands twine,
In a what-do-you-call-it? — ahem! — Valentine.

In short, there 's no nonsense they will not invent.
And must I, so slandered, rest meekly content?
My character 's ruined; these chattering elves
Would make me as flighty and wild as — themselves.

And now, dearest Public, I 've stated my case,
Many thanks to the friends who have granted me space,
I leave you to judge of the woes I impart,
And sign myself, yours most respectfully,
HEART.

TWO LONG WORDS.

DEAR JACK: Last evening I broke up two good English words (which shall be sent you, restored, next month) and here are the mixed pieces — just forty-one of them.

Meantime, can the dear little schoolma'am, or any of her friends, so arrange these forty-one letters as to spell the two words? Every letter here shown must be used.

P R A N S I C H E S I B E N O S M P I D S L E R
O N T I S B O N R E P L O S E N E .

Yours truly, X. Y. Z.

A JUNE ENCOUNTER.

DEAR JACK: I am one of your most devoted readers, having every number of ST. NICHOLAS. I am especially fond of reading the letters, and would like to add my mite to the fund of interest.

Coming from Europe last summer, I met with quite an adventure. It was in June, and the ocean had been "as smooth as glass," as the saying goes. But one day it appeared rougher, while far in the distance could be seen something glittering.

We were seated at dinner, when word came from above that there was an iceberg in sight. Every one rushed up on deck to see the wonder. It was perfectly beautiful! The sun shone upon it, making it glitter with all the colors of the rainbow. It looked as if it were

made of an immense iridescent crystal. It gradually approached the vessel, much to the terror of many of the passengers. Slowly it came nearer and nearer, towering above us like some great giant bent upon destroying us.

We all thought the vessel was doomed, when, without the least warning, the iceberg tottered, and then turned over. We were saved! When it fell, it remained quiet for a few moments, and when it again started on its wanderings its course was changed, and it began to float away.

You can imagine what thankful hearts our vessel held as she sped onward toward New York.

Your loving reader,

ISABEL V. M. LIVINGSTON.

A FIJI DUDE.

DEAR MR. JACK: Perhaps "dude" is not a word in good standing with you and your congregation. Well, I am not fond of foppery myself, yet I am disposed to think that we are sometimes too severe in our judgment of this particular species of humankind. Surely it is no more than right for every person to make himself as attractive as possible, and I know that history tells us of a few great and good men who were fops. I have read that Buffon, the famous naturalist, would neither sit down to write, nor walk in his garden to think, unless he were arrayed in fine clothes, lace, frills, and ruffs, and was jeweled and perfumed.

But whether we tolerate or despise the dude, we must admit that he is a natural variety of the human race; for he is found in every inhabited part of the globe, be it burning Africa, or frozen Greenland, a vast continent, or a tiny island in mid-ocean. And, by speaking of islands, I have brought myself by degrees to the particular dude which I have in mind—the Fiji dude.

I remember telling you some years ago of a South Sea Island fop* who had the very pretty fancy of attaching living butterflies to his hair, by means of almost invisible threads, thus permitting the beautiful creatures to flutter about his head as he walked abroad. The Fiji dude has an even prettier fancy.

He seems to have a passion for flowers, which, in the moist, warm climate of the islands, grow with a luxuriance and splendor unknown to men who live in more temperate regions. Orchids and other brilliantly colored and exquisite flowers may be plucked on every hand, and the ordinary Fijian, indeed, does not take the trouble to

gather them. But the native dandy, the superlative young man, does so when he sets out for his lazy afternoon stroll.

He has prepared himself for it by lounging all the day, and his air, as he struts along, is that of a person who finds living a great trouble. He is on the lookout, nevertheless, for any especially gorgeous blossom, and when he finds one, he lazily plucks it, leaving a long stem, and fastens it in his hair, disposing it so that it will nod in dignified harmony with his languid walk.

Unfortunately, he does not know moderation, but keeps adding flower after flower, until it sometimes happens that his head is one mass of nodding, drooping posies of such brilliant coloring that the man himself becomes



A FIJI DUDE.

an insignificant part of the display. As the flowers wilt and fade they are replaced by the fresh ones which are to be gathered on every hand.

Yours truly,
JOHN R. CORYELL.

* See ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. 12, p. 713.



CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of the ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read letters from a great many places, but I never saw one from the Naval Academy. My papa is an officer stationed here; and the grounds are beautiful all the year, but the spring is the best time here, for the cadets have drills at four o'clock every afternoon. During commencement week in June there is a flag-drill; the cadets are divided into four companies, and the company that drills the best carries the colors during all the next year; the marking is very strict, so they must be particular not to make the least mistake.

I am seven years old, and have had you for a Christmas present, for three years. I go to school, and can read, and I love all the verses you have in your magazine. I wanted to tell you about my cat, "Teddie," but I am afraid it will make my letter too long.

DALE S. B.—.

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear something about the opening of Parliament in Rome, which is a *very* fine affair. The king always opens Parliament early in December, and he, the queen and some of the court drive from the palace to the state-house in the state carriages, which are splendid old-fashioned coaches—masses of carving and gilding. The coachmen and footmen have on scarlet and gold liveries, with white silk stockings, powdered wigs, and cocked hats. Three footmen stand behind, holding on to the straps. It is exactly like the pictures of Cinderella, except that the queen is in modern dress, of course. The king's carriage is drawn by six horses with white plumes on their heads and with splendid harness.

The sidewalks are packed with people, but two lines of soldiers keep all carriages away except those of the procession.

When they get to the house of Parliament, the king, in a fine uniform with a brass helmet and an immense

white plume on it, gets out of his carriage and helps the queen out of hers, and then the people shout: *Viva il Re!* and *Viva la Regina!* Inside, the great Parliament chamber is in the form of a semicircle; the king's throne is on the straight side of the wall. The deputies wear evening dress with white gloves. The queen and court ladies sit in a box high up on the right, the diplomatic corps in another large box on the left, and other people who have tickets in the gallery between. The king makes a speech, each deputy in turn takes the oath of allegiance, cheers the royal family, and it is over. This year the king's son, the prince of Naples, and his nephew the duke of Aosta, both just twenty-one, took the oath, too, which everybody seemed to think very interesting. Then all march out in great state, the king and queen drive away slowly, eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and cameras point at them from all sides, soldiers present arms, and beggars beg, bands play, and dogs bark, and all go home to breakfast.

I am one of your constant readers, just ten years old (I mention it as it seems to be the fashion to tell ages in the letters). As my papa is a U. S. official abroad I have traveled much, and have seen many interesting things in the world.

Ever your loving friend,
HELOISE S.—.

NAPLES, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are traveling in Italy and have done so much in the last few days that I thought I would write you a letter to-day. Yesterday we went up Mount Vesuvius. We bought our tickets at the hotel, then took a cab down to Cook's office, where we had our tickets stamped. The carriages did not start until nine o'clock. There were some men around the office who wanted to sell canes to help us climb. The carriage we went in was a regular two-horse carriage only it had three horses. For almost an hour after we passed the gates it was just the same as in the city. There were a great many beggars who ran along beside the carriage, and

the farther away from Naples we got, the more beggars there were. About two hours from Naples we came to the lava streams. It was the funniest looking stuff you ever saw. We got to the place called the Hermitage at twelve, where we took the wire-rope railroad. At the top we had to walk. There are some men that want to pull you up but we did not take any of them. The path was very zigzaggy and not very steep until we reached the old crater, which does not let out much smoke. After that the path was very steep. Walter and I climbed up alone. About half-way up we both got so much sulphur in our lungs and were out of breath that we felt like going back, but we took a little rest and put our handkerchiefs up to our mouths and got up to the top of the crater. I did not want to go any farther because I was scared, but the guide took hold of me and pulled me down into the crater. Every few seconds there would be a big boom, and red-hot stones would fly up and fire would go up, too, and a puff of smoke would go up, and it was awful. All the bad people in the world ought to see that and I am pretty sure they would all turn good. I think that Mt. Vesuvius is the best part of Europe so far.

Your faithful reader,
FRED.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sick, so my aunt is writing this for me. I went in a ship around Cape Horn to Liverpool, and I was one hundred and thirty days, and the ship's name was the *J. F. Chapman*. At Cape Horn it was very cold. In rough weather, the steward would carry me over on his back to the galley and I made doughnuts with the cook and steward. My father bought eighteen chickens, and the carpenter on board made a chicken-coop for them, and I fed them all the way, and seven of them died, six were killed, two we gave to the captain, and three left are coming back on the ship to me. I expect them every day now. I went to Brighton and stayed there a little over five months in boarding-school, while my mama and papa traveled in Europe. I was glad to get back to California.

I have a little brother four years old, and I am nine, and we are both Americans. Your little friend,
EDWIN O—.

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen in a paper a short account of Margaret of Orleans, and thinking that the readers of "Lady Jane," would like to know more of "Mother Margaret" I send you the following little history: She lived in New Orleans and was known simply as "Margaret." Her name was Margaret Haugger, and years ago she took care of the cows in a large stable, situated near the spot where the statue now stands. She fed and milked the cows and sold the milk from a cart which she drove about the city. She had lost both husband and child and, at that time, was entirely alone in the world. In the course of a few years, by exercising strict economy, she managed to save enough to buy a small bakery. She prospered in her new undertaking and was soon able to build a larger house. Before long bread carts were running all over the city bearing the simple words "Margaret's Bakery." Her bread and rolls became famous and she had many patrons. During the war, and in fever epidemics, she ran free bread carts through the city, generously supplying those who were too poor to buy.

Margaret always furnished the bread free to the city asylums and hospitals.

She founded several orphan asylums herself, and at the time of her death her little charges were numbered by the thousands.

She spent very little on herself. She dressed in calico, and wore coarse, heavy shoes, and she had no luxuries in

her modest dwelling. She cared nothing for her own comfort and ease, but devoted her life to the good of others.

When Margaret died all business houses were closed and the city put on mourning.

Thousands of little orphans and school children took part in the funeral procession. All the bells in the city were tolled, the houses all along the line of march were draped in mourning, and all classes joined in the procession.

The statue to her memory was erected by the city. It represents her seated, with one arm around a child who stands at her side. Her dress is plain and simple. Her fine head with its smoothly parted hair and her pleasant, though serious face show a true womanhood, and make the statue both striking and unique. It stands in a little triangular park, at the junction of Camp and Prytanea streets, directly in front of an orphan asylum. At the time of its erection, it was the only public statue in the United States in memory of a woman.

I have been reading ST. NICHOLAS for four years and enjoy it very much. Your constant and devoted reader,
MARGARET C—.

THE illustrated jingle which follows is the work of our young contributor, Master E. A. Cleveland Cox. We commend the moral to all young lawbreakers.

The Unfortunate Bathers



"Ho!" says this policeman with a smile

"So he caught you people bathing in the Nile?"

But they only laugh and roar;

For they will not come ashore;



Until appears the dreaded

Crocodile!



POKLISA, TRANSYLVANIA, AUSTRIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I do not remember ever seeing a letter from Transylvania in your charming magazine, I thought I might write you one from this out-of-the-way corner of the world. We are the only English people in this part of the country, and live in an old white house in a little village called Poklisa. I wonder if any of your readers have ever seen a Transylvanian village. I can scarcely call it pretty, with its thatched, wooden huts, fences formed of interlaced twigs and branches, muddy roads, and abundance of pigs. Ex-

cept for ourselves and one or two Hungarians, the rest of the inhabitants of Poklisa are Rumanian peasants. I am very interested in these people. They speak a pretty language, and dress quite picturesquely. The men wear loose white linen clothes, a sheepskin waistcoat and broad leather belt, and either a high curly white or black sheepskin cap, or a wide-brimmed flat hat like a Mexican sombrero. In winter they have thick, long woolen coats, generally white. On their feet they wear a sort of leather sandals called "apinci." The women dress in white also, with waistcoats sometimes beautifully embroidered, and two gaily colored aprons, one worn in front, the other behind. You can easily tell whether they are married, as the women roll their heads in a long white cloth, while the girls plait their hair at one side in a most unbecoming fashion.

The Rumanians have many queer old customs. On Christmas day, in each village, they have a "cerbi." That is a man dressed up as a stag, with wide horns and ears, and a long nose. He goes to all the houses dancing and acting, followed by a boy playing a flute, and all the unmarried men of the place. He is a most comical sight, as you may imagine, and makes one laugh very much. Another thing they do is on New Year's morning, when a party of carters come round with their long whips, and wake up the people of the house by cracking them a noisy salute. That is their way of wishing a Happy New Year.

Besides Hungarians and Rumanians we have plenty of gipsies here. These are very lazy, dark, and dirty, and up to all sorts of mischief. One day I went to see a gipsy village. It consisted of about a dozen miserable little huts, half sunk in the earth, and built of turf and loose stones. It was swarming with untidy children; and while we were there a very ragged man with long black hair came out of one of the huts and played to us on a sort of bagpipes. All gipsies are fond of music. They play most beautifully on the violin, and every little town and village has its gipsy band. Indeed they are so idle, that is the only way they care to earn their living. I should like to tell you about the bear-hunts I have seen, and of the good time we had camping out in the mountains last autumn, but I am afraid my letter is too long already. So hoping you will print it, for it is the first I have written, though we have taken you for ten years,

I am your devoted reader,
BEATRICE.

FORT SNELLING, MINN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This post, which is one of the largest in the United States, is divided into three parts: The upper post, the lower post, and the ordnance depot.

What is now the ordnance depot used to be the old fort; the old one-story stone quarters and the remains of the old gray stone walls are standing yet, and look very picturesque from a distance, especially in the summer, when the green of the trees contrasts with the crumbling walls. Near it stands the old tower, which was part of a wall (now taken down) built across the point for fortification.

In the lower post is the hospital and part of the officers' quarters; going on up we reach as the next thing of interest the headquarters building, in which are the offices, the

post school, etc.; next to it, a little back, is the post hall. Farther up on the other side are the other officers' quarters, built of yellow brick; in front of them are beautiful lawns dotted with numerous trees. Just opposite are the soldiers' quarters, also of yellow brick, built within the past two years. There have been here, as prisoners, about twenty Brulé Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge Agency.

We remain your faithful readers,
F. K.—.
C. K.—.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have this year subscribed to your interesting magazine. It was one of my Christmas presents. We lived in a hotel last winter, while my papa was in the Legislature, and I had nothing to do but read and write. I send you a little rhyme I made while watching the raindrops on the telephone wires:

I am, your loving friend,
W. H. D—., JR.

THE RAINDROPS.

See the little raindrops go,
Some are fast and some are slow,
Swift along the wires they fly,
And as they pass my window by
I think them like a life,
Swift gliding, full of strife.
Some are weak, and some are strong,
And as they meet, some fall, some pass along.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ST. NICHOLAS: I have no brothers nor sisters and I was often very lonely up to the time that I got the ST. NICHOLAS. I like "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford." It makes me mad when I read about Tom Tazwell; he's just like a boy near where I live. In school we have very nice times. We have a hall in which we go to sing on Fridays. We have an orchestra of violins, a flute, and a piano.

Your reader,

WILLIAM D—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Kate C. Wasson, Bessie M., Nellie P., Hattie F. W., A. E. C., Nannie L. S., Mabel G., M. S. G., Helen G. C., Ednah F. C., Cushman and David N., Nannie S., Edith W., Hetty M. A., Elizabeth B. T., M. Christabel M., Hugh Eglinton M., Grace B., Walter F., Ray E. B., Fred M. B., Helen M., Lulu B. McA., Walter S., Unity M. T., Horace G., M. Clare J., Edna E., Douglas S. N., Nellie O. B., May M. D., Roy W. H., Birdie B., Bessie G., Carl H., Clarence F., Phillips K., Beth, Donald A. S., Eleanor U., Harold U., Winifred F., Elva E. F., Marguerite, Eliza N. W. A., Annie C. J., Florence A., Laurel V. H., Raymond N., Shirley B., Kitty S. J., Effie F., Ethel L. P., Norman B., Alice C., Heidi G. S., Marion and Meriam W., Flora L. B., John F., Maud S., Russell S., Leslie McB., Gertie A. W., Fannie R. S., Selma P., Allie S., Elvenia J. J., T. Charles N., Helen Louise M., J. J. F., Natalie S., Charles E. M., Atwood M., Ferris N., Edith R., Jimmie W., J. H. E., Clyde N., H. R. R., Bessie and Alice, Louise B., Harry H., Marion D., Thomas G. S., Sophy M., Fred K. C., Mamie C., Reginald B., Edith R. S., Ruth S. G., Rebecca W. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Mah. 3. Jalap. 4. Materia. 5. Caledonia. 6. Baronet. 7. Pines. 8. Ait. 9. A.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Thomas. 2. Hapest. 3. Opiate. 4. Meagre. 5. Astral. 6. Steels.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Keats; finals, Leigh Hunt. Cross-words: 1. Jail. 2. Obce. 3. Hemi. 4. Nung. 5. Koch.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. M. 2. Met. 3. Lemon. 4. Trope. 5. Porch. 6. Blink. 7. Yeann. 8. Baled. 9. Olden. 10. Impaled. 11. Playful.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

WORD-BUILDING. A, as, sal, last, tales, valets, estival, festival.

RESTLESS WHEEL AND HUB. From 1 to 8, Schubert; 9 to 16, Hamilton. From 1 to 9, sloth; 2 to 10, cobra; 3 to 11, Hiram; 4 to 12, Ugoni; 5 to 13, broil; 6 to 14, eclat; 7 to 15, Romeo; 8 to 16, Titan.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — Josephine Sherwood — Mama and Jamie — Alice M. Blanke and sister — "The Wise Five" — Pearl F. Stevens — Clara B. Orwig — L. O. F. and C. E. — E. M. C. — A. H. and R. — Agnes and Elinor — "Infantry" — Nellie L. Howes — Blanche and Fred — Violette — "Uncle Mung" — "King Anso IV." — Edith Sewall — Cousin Jack — "Lehte" — Ida C. Thallor.

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ZIGZAG. Chancellorsville. Cross-words: 1. Cram. 2. Chin. 3. Brad. 4. Bran. 5. Pict. 6. Feat. 7. Loon. 8. Clay. 9. Plot. 10. Scar. 11. Vast. 12. Avow. 13. Ibox. 14. Flaw. 15. Fold. 16. Doge.

PI.

All about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.
The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Audubon. Cross-words: 1. abrAde 2. RUe. 3. oDD. 4. U. 5. aBt. 6. shOkck. 7. shiNgle. 8. Rhomboid and DIAMOND. Rhomboid. Across: 1. Sages. 2. Madam. 3. Sated. 4. Metal. 5. Debar. Included diamond: 1. S. 2. Dam. 3. Sated. 4. Met. 5. D.

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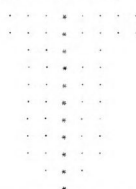


WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A large bird. 2. The American aloe. 3. A junco. 4. The front of an army. 5. Narrow strips of leather around a shoe.

II. 1. The green plover. 2. One of the Muses. 3. To vacillate. 4. Makes a note of. 5. A species of cod.

AN ESCUTCHEON.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A celebrated Dutch painter. 2. A celebrated French mathematician and philosopher, born in 1743. 3. The composer of Masaniello. 4. A well-known German novelist, now living. 5. A famous English poet born in 1788. 6. A very famous singer. 7. An

American novelist of to-day. 8. A German composer, born in 1714. 9. A French writer of mock-scientific romances. 10. The wife of Athamus. 11. In Tennyson. The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a poet.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A tributary of the Rhone. 4. Advantage. 5. A measure of weight. 6. A plowing of land. 7. Robbing. 8. Untwisting. 9. Journeying. 10. An attenuated plant.

HOOR-GLASS.

1. A SINGER. 2. To imagine. 3. An insect. 4. In hour-glass. 5. A metal. 6. Abrupt in address. 7. Original.

The central letters, reading downwards, will spell a country of Europe.

NOVEL DIAMOND.

I. WHEN first I went to 1, my eye was caught by a 1-2-3 which a comrade wore. I asked him where he bought it and he answered, "At 1-2-3-4-5." But my 1-2-3-4-6-7 was to have it immediately, at any 3-4-5-6-7, so he gave it to me, in exchange for a piece of 5-6-7, and then I was more at my 7's.

The words to be supplied may be arranged so as to form a diamond.

II. WITH some friends, at our 1's, we sat down to 1-2-3, but when we had 1-2-3-4-5 we found that it was 3-4-5 o'clock, so our pleasure came to an end.

The words to be supplied may be arranged so as to form a diamond.

M. E. D.